BRAVE JOSEPHINE!

Miss Meeker's Thrilling Story of Her Captivity.

THE MASSACRE AT THE AGENCY.

The Women Carried Off—Scenes in Camp and on the Trail.

A STRANGE PICTURE TALE.

Bullied by a Braggart---Served by an Indian Gallant.

MRS. MEEKER'S HARSH TREATMENT.

A Squaw's Touch of Nature---Medicine Songs---A War Dance.

FREE AT LAST!

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD.]

ALAMOSA, SAN LUIS PARK, Col., Oct. 29, 1879.

Mrs. Meeker, her daughter, Josephine, and Mrs. Price and her two children have been detained here two days on account of Mrs. Meeker's illness, caused by nervous reaction, after a terrible journey of 500 miles on stages and Indian ponies, bareback and with poor saddles, over mountains and alkali deserts. During this ordeal she was only half clad in a calico dress and a single shawl, without blankets, and had only the bare ground to sleep on in the Indian camps. The party leave for Denver in a day or two, going thence to their home in Greeley.

BRAVE MISS JOSEPHINE.

Miss Josephine Meeker was threatened with death, and her escape was a narrow one. She is a blonde, with blue eyes and light hair and is tall in stature, and vivacious in manner and conversation. She was a teacher at the agency and a great favorite among the Indians. She taught the boy of Chief Douglass, and had half a dozen offers of marriage from the Ute braves. Her quick wit and knowledge of the language undoubtedly saved her life. Her story is as follows:—

JOSEPHINE MEEKER'S STATEMENT.

The first I heard of any trouble with the Indians at my father's agency was the firing at Mr. Price while he was ploughing for Indian crops according to government instructions. The Indians had the idea and said that as soon as the land was ploughed it would cease to belong to the Utes. Two or three councils were held, and an Indian woman, Jane, the wife of Panvitts, was the cause of the whole trouble. It was finally settled by the agent giving her a corral, building her a house, putting up a stove and digging a well. The Indians then agreed to the ploughing for a certain distance, half way to the river. Johnson, however, who was not at the council got angry with the agent and the Indians when he found the ploughing had been resumed. He seriously assaulted my father and forced him from his house. The agent wrote to the government to the effect that if its policy was to be carried out he must have protection. The response to this was that the agent should be sustained. Governor Pitkin wrote that troops had been sent, and we heard no more until a Ute runner came in greatly excited and said the soldiers were on Bear River, sixty miles north of the agency. Next day the Indians held a council, and asked my father to write to Thornburgh to send five officers to come and compromise and keep the soldiers off the reservation.

THE INDIANS EXCITED.

The agent sent a statement of the situation giving the wishes of the Indians, and said to Thornburgh to do as he thought best. The Indians who accompanied the courier returned on Sunday at breakfast time. A council was held at the camp of Douglass and also at the agency. Meanwhile the American flag was flying over the tents of Douglass, yet all the Indian women and other tents were removed back and the Indians were greatly excited. On Monday at noon Mr. Eskridge, who took the agent's message to Thornburgh, returned, saying the troops were making a day and night march, and it must be kept secret; but Thornburgh wanted it to be given out to Indians that he would meet five Utes at Milk Creek, fifteen miles from the agency, on Monday night, and desired an immediate answer. Thornburgh was expected to reach the agency on Tuesday at noon with the troops. The Indians, who at first were angry, brightened up, and Douglass sent two Indians, with one white man, Eskridge, to meet Thornburgh.

PLANNING THE MASSACRE.

Secretly, however, the Utes were preparing for the massacre, for just before Eskridge left with the Indians a runner was seen rushing up to the tent of Douglass with what I since learned was news of the soldiers fighting. Half an hour later twenty armed Indians came to the agency from the camp of Douglass and began firing.

THE MASSACRE BEGINS.

I was in the kitchen with my mother washing the dishes. It was after noon. I looked out of the window and saw the Utes shooting the boys who were working on the new building. Mrs. Price was at the door washing clothes. She rushed in and took Johnnie, the baby, to fly. Just then Frank Dresser, an employé, staggered in shot through the leg. I said:—

"Here, Frank, is Mr. Price's gun."

It lay on the bed. He took it, and, just as we were fleeing out by the door the windows were smashed in and half a dozen shots were fired into the room. Frank Dresser fired and killed Johnson's brother. We ran into the milk room, which had only one small window, and locked the door and hid under a shelf. Firing went on for several hours at intervals. There was no shouting, no noise, but frequent firing. While waiting in this horrid suspense Dresser said he had gone to the employé's rooms, where all guns were stored, but found them stolen. In the intervals of shooting Dresser would exclaim:—

"There goes one of the government guns."

Their sound was quite different from those of the Indians. We stayed in the milk room until it began to fill with smoke. The sun was half an hour high.

A DASH FOR LIFE.

I took May Price, three years old, and we all ran to father's room. It was not disturbed. The papers and books were just as he left them. "Pepy's Diary" lay open on the table. We knew the building would be burned and ran across Douglass avenue for a field of sage brush beyond the ploughed ground. The Utes were so busy stealing the annuity goods that they did not see us at first. About thirty of them, loaded with blankets, were carrying them toward Douglass camp, near the river. We had gone 100 yards when the Utes saw us. They threw down the blankets and came running toward us, firing as they came. Bullets whizzed as thick as grasshoppers around us. I do not think they intended to kill us—only to frighten us—but they tried to shoot Frank Dresser, who had almost reached the sage brush.

CAPTURED.

Mother was hit by a bullet, which went through her underclothing and made a flesh wound three inches long. As the Indians came nearer they shouted:—

"We no shoot! Come to us!"

I had the little girl, and the Indian named Pursune said for me to go with him. He and another Ute seized me by the arms and started toward the river. An Uncompahgre Indian took Mrs. Price and her baby, and mother was taken to the headquarters of Douglass. We came to a wide irrigating canal which father had the Indians build. I said I could not cross it. The Indians answered by pushing me through the water. I had on only moccassins, and the water and mud were deep. The baby waded too, and both of us came out wet to the skin.

A QUARREL TO POSSESS HER.

As we were walking in Chief Joseph came and pushed away Pursune and, in great anger, told him to give me up. I understood some of the language. Pursune refused to surrender me. Hot words ensued, and I feared the men would fight for a moment. I thought I would ask Douglass to take me, but as both were drunk I kept silent, and afterward was glad I did not go.

WHISKEY AND REVOLT.

Douglass finally went away and we walked on toward the river. Before reaching the stream, not more than two hundred yards away, both my conductors pulled out bottles and drank twice. No whiskey was sold at the agency. Their bottles were not agency bottles. The Indian, Pursune, took me to where his ponies were standing by the river, and seated me on a pile of blankets while he went for more. The Indians were now on all sides. I could not escape. Pursune packed his effects, all stolen from the agency, on a government mule which was taller than a tall man.

THE PRISONERS CARRIED SOUTH.

He had two mules stolen from the agency. It was now sundown. Packing was finished at dark, and we started for the wilderness of the south. I rode a horse with a saddle, but no bridle. The halter strap was so short that it dropped continually. The child was lashed behind me. Pursune and his assistant rode each side of me, driving the pack mules ahead. About twenty other Indians were in the party.

MRS. MEEKER'S SAD PLIGHT.

Mother came later, riding bareback behind Douglass, both on one horse. She was sixty-four years old, feeble in health, wounded and not recovered from a broken thigh caused by a fall two years ago. Chief Douglass gave her neither horse, saddle nor blankets. We followed the river, and on the other side Pursune brought me a hatful of water to drink. We trotted along until nine o'clock, when we halted for half an hour. All the Indians dismounted and blankets were spread on the ground and I laid down to rest, with mother lying not far from me.

AN INDIAN BRAGGART'S SPEECH.

Chief Douglass was considerably excited and made a speech to me with many gestures and great emphasis. He recited his grievances and explained why the massacre began. He said Thornburgh told the Indians that he was going to arrest the head chiefs, take them to Fort Steele and put them in the calaboose—perhaps hang them. He said my father had written all the letters to the Denver papers and circulated wild reports about what the Indians would do, as set forth by the Western press, and that he was responsible for all the hostility against the Indians among the whites in the West.

A STRANGE PICTURE STORY.

He said pictures of the agent and all his family, women and children, had been found on Thornburgh's body just before the attack on the agency, and the pictures were covered with blood and showed marks of knives on different parts of the bodies. The throats were cut. The one of the agent had a bullet hole in his head. He said I was represented in one of the pictures as shot through the breast. Douglass said my father had made these pictures, representing the prospective fate of his family, and sent them to Washington to be used to influence the soldiers and hurry troops forward to fight the Indians. This remarkable statement, strange as it may seem, was afterward told me by a dozen different Indians, and the recital and the particulars were always the same.

MOCKING AND SINGING.

While Douglass was telling this he stood in front of me with his gun, and his anger was dreadful. Then he shouldered his gun and walked up and down before me in the moonlight and imitated the employés who had kept guard at the Agency for three nights before the massacre. He mocked them and sneered and laughed at them and said he was "a heap big Indian." Then he sang English songs which he had heard the boys sing in their rooms at the agency. He sang the negro melody, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," and asked me if I understood. I told him I did, because he had the words and tune perfectly committed.

TOO MUCH WRITE.

He said father had always been writing to Washington. He always saw him writing when he came to the agency. It was write, write, write all day, he said. Then he swore a fearful oath in English and said if the soldiers had not come and threatened the Indians with Fort Steele and the calaboose and threatened to kill the other Indians at White River the agent wouldn't have been massacred.

STOUT-HEARTED JOSEPHINE

Then the brave chief, Douglass, who had eaten at our table that very day, walked off a few feet, returned and placed his loaded gun to my forehead three times, and asked me if I was going to run away.

I told him I was not afraid of him nor of death, and should not run away.

THE BRAGGART LAUGHED TO SCORN.

When he found his repeated threats could not frighten me, all the other Indians turned on him and laughed at him, and made so much fun of him that he sneaked off and went over to frighten my mother. I heard her cry "oh!" and I supposed that she thought some terrible fate had befallen me. I shouted to her that I was not hurt; that she need not be afraid; that they were only trying to scare her. The night was still, but I heard no response. The Indians looked at each other.

GALLANT PURSUNE.

All hands took a drink around my bed; then they saddled their horses, and Pursune led my horse to me, and knelt down on his hands and knees for me to mount my horse from his back. He always did this, and when he was absent his wife did it. I saw Pursune do the same gallant act once for his squaw, but it was only once, and none of the other Indians did it at all.

ON THE TRAIL AGAIN.

We urged our horses forward and journeyed in the moonlight through to the Grand Mountains with the Indians talking in low tones among themselves. The little three-year-old May Price, who was fastened behind me, cried a few times, for she was cold and had had no supper, and her mother was away in Jack's camp, but the child was generally quiet. It was after midnight when we made the second halt in a deep and sombre canyon, with tremendous mountains towering on every side. Mother was not allowed to come up. Douglass kept her with him half a mile further down the ravine. Pursune had plenty of blankets, which were stolen from the agency. He spread some for my bed, and rolled up some for my pillow and told me to retire.

MOCKED BY THE SQUAWS.

Then the squaws came and laughed, and grinned and gibbered in their own grim way. We had reached the camp Douglass had chosen for the Indian women who had been sent to the canyon previous to the massacre. Jack's camp, where Mrs. Price was kept, was five or six miles away in another canyon. When I had lain down on the blankets two squaws, one old and one young, came to the bed, and sang and danced fantastically and joyously at my feet. The other Indians stood around, and when the women reached a certain part of their recitative they all broke into laughter. Toward the end of their song my captor, Pursune, gave each of them a newly stolen government blanket, which they took and then went away. The strangeness and wild novelty of my position kept me awake until toward morning, when I fell into a doze, and did not awake until the sun was shining over the mountains. Next day Pursune went to fight the soldiers, and he placed me in charge of his wife with her three children.

THE CAPTIVES BROUGHT TOGETHER.

That same day mother came up to see me, in company with a little Indian girl. On Wednesday, the next day, Johnson went over to Jack's camp and brought back Mrs. Price and her baby to live in his camp. He said he had made it all right with the other Utes. We did not do anything but be around the various camps and listen to the talk of the squaws whose husbands were away fighting the soldiers.

"ONE TOUCH OF NATURE."

On Wednesday and on other days one of Supanzisquait's three squaws put her hand on my shoulder and said:—

"Poor little girl, I feel so sorry; you have no father, and you are away off with the Utes so far from home."

She cried all the time and said her own little child had just died and her heart was sore. When Mrs. Price came into camp another squaw took her baby, Johnny, into her arms and wept over him and said in Ute that she felt very sorry for the captives.

ANOTHER CAMP.

Next day the squaws and the few Indians who were there packed up and moved the camp ten or twelve miles, into an exceedingly beautiful valley, with high mountains all around it. The grass was two feet high and a stream of pure soft water ran through the valley. The water was so cold I could hardly drink it. Every night the Indians, some of whom had come back from the soldiers, had councils. Mr. Brady had just come up from the Uncompahgre Agency with a message from Chief Ouray for the Indians to stop fighting the soldiers. He had delivered the message, and this was why so many came back.

PURSUNE COMES BACK.

On Sunday most of them were in camp. They saw they had the soldiers hemmed in a canyon and were merely guarding them. Pursune came back, wearing a pair of blue soldier's pantaloons with yellow stripes on the legs. He took them off and gave them to me for a pillow. His legs were protected with leggings and he did not need them.

NEWS OF THE BELEAGUERED SOLDIERS.

I asked the Indians before Brady came where the soldiers were. They replied that they were "still in that cellar," and the Indians were killing their ponies when they went for water in the night. They said:—

"Indians stay on mountains and see white soldiers; soldiers no see Indian. White soldier not know how to fight."

A WAR DANCE.

One of their favorite amusements was to put on a negro soldier's cap, a short coat and blue pantaloons, and imitate the negroes in speech and walk. I could not help laughing because they were so accurate in their personations. On Sunday they made a pile of sagebrush as large as a washstand and put soldiers' clothes and a hat on the pile; then they danced a war dance and sang as they waltzed around it. They were in their best clothes, with plumes and fur dancing caps, made of skunk skins and grizzly bear skins, with ornaments of eagle feathers. Two or three began the dance, others joined, until a ring as large as a house was formed. There were some squaws, and all had knives. They charged on the pile of coats with their knives and pretended that they would burn the brush. They became almost insane with frenzy and excitement. The dance lasted from two o'clock until sundown. Then they took the coats and all went home.

AN ALL NIGHT COUNCIL.

On Sunday night Jack came and made a big speech, also Johnson. They said more troops were coming, and they recited what orders they say had been brought from Chief Ouray. They were in great commotion, and did not know what to do. They talked all night, and the next morning they struck half their tents and put them up again. Part were for going away, part for staying. Jack's men were all day coming up into camp. They left on Tuesday for Grand River, and we had a long ride.

A LONG MARCH IN THE DUST.

The cavalcade was fully two miles long. The wind blew a hurricane, and the dust was so thick we could not see ten feet back on the line, and I could write my name on my hand in the dust. Most of the Indians had had no breakfast, and we travelled all day without dinner or water. Mother had neither saddle nor stirrups, but merely a few thicknesses of canvas strapped on the horse's back while the young chiefs pranced round on good saddles. She did not reach Grand River until after dark and the ride for an invalid and aged woman was long and distressing. The camp that night was in the sage brush. In the morning, Wednesday, we moved five miles down the river.

MISS JOSEPHINE MAKES BREAD.

A part of the agency herd was driven along with the procession, and a beef was killed each day. As I was requested to cook most of the time and make the bread I did not suffer from the filth of ordinary Indian fare.

While at this camp Pursune absented himself four days and brought in three fine horses and a lot of lead, which he made into bullets. Johnson also had a sack of powder. The chief amusement was running bullets.

A MEDICINE SONG.

No whites are admitted to the tents while the Utes sing their medicine songs over the sick, but I, being considered one of Pursune's family, was allowed to remain. When their child was sick his family asked me to sing with them, which I did. The Medicine Man kneels close to the sufferers, with his back to the spectators, while he sings in a series of high-keyed grunts gradually reaching a lower and solemn tone. The family join, and at intervals he howls so loudly that one can hear him a mile; then his voice dies away and only a gurgling sound is heard, as if his throat were full of water. The child lay nearly stripped. The doctor presses his lips against the breast of the sufferer and repeats the gurgling sound. He sings a few minutes more, and then all turn around and smoke and laugh and talk. Sometimes the ceremony is repeated all night. I assisted at two of these medicine festivals. Mrs. Price's boy became expert at singing Ute songs, and they sang to each other on the journey home. The sick bed ceremonies were very strange and weird, and more interesting than anything I saw in all my captivity of twenty-three days.

NEARLY A STAMPEDE.

We stayed on the Grand River until Saturday. The mountains were very high, and the Indians were on the peaks with glasses watching the soldiers. They said they could look down on the site of the agency. On Saturday morning the programme was for twenty Utes to go back to White River, scout around on the mountains and watch the soldiers; but just as they were about to depart there was a terrible commotion, for some of the scouts on the mountains had discovered the troops, ten or fifteen miles south of the agency, advancing toward our camp. The Indians ran in every direction, the horses became excited, and for a time hardly a pony could be approached. Johnson flies into a passion when there is danger. This time his horses kicked and confusion was supreme. Johnson seized a whip and laid it over the shoulders of his youngest squaw, named Cooz. He pulled her hair and renewed the lash. Then he turned to assist his other wife pack, and the colts ran and kicked.

THEIR LIVES AGAIN THREATENED.

While Mrs. Price and myself were watching the scene a young buck came up with a gun and threatened to shoot us. We told him to shoot away, and Mrs. Price requested him to shoot her in the forehead. He said we were no good squaws because we would not scare. We did not move until noon, travelled till nightfall and camped on the Grand River in a nice grassy place under trees by the water.

KEPT MOVING.

Next day was Sunday, and we moved twenty-five miles south; but mother and Mrs. Price did not come up for three or four days. Again we camped on the Grand River, under the trees. The rain set in and continued two days and three nights. I did not suffer, for I was in camp; but mother and Mrs. Price, who were kept on the road, got soaked each day. Johnson, who had Mrs. Price, went beyond us, and all the other Indians behind camped with Johnson. On Friday Johnson talked with Douglass, and took mother to his tent. Johnson's oldest wife is the sister of Chief Ouray, and he was kinder than the others. His wife cried over the captives and made the children shoes. Cohoe beat his wife with a club and pulled her hair and departed, leaving her to pack up. He is an Uncompahgre Ute, and Ouray will not let him return to his band.

COUNCILS AND MARCHES.

The Indians said they would stay at their camp and if the soldiers advanced they would get them in a canyon and kill them all. They said that neither soldiers nor horses understood the country. The Utes were now close to the Uncompahgre district and could not retreat much further. Colorow made a big speech and advised the Indians to go no further south. We were then removed one day's ride to Plateau Creek, a little stream running south of Grand River. Eight miles more travel on two other days brought us to the camping ground where General Adams found us. This was near to Plateau Creek, but high up, and not far from the snowy range.

ARRIVAL OF GENERAL ADAMS.

On Monday night an Uncompahgre Ute came in, and said that next day General Adams, whom they called Washington, was coming after the captives. I felt very glad, and told the Indians that I was ready to go. The next day, about eleven o'clock, while I was sewing in Pursune's tent, his boy, about twelve years old, came in, picked up a buffalo robe and wanted me to go to bed. I told him I was not sleepy. Then a squaw came and hung a blanket before the door, and spread out both hands to keep the blanket down, so I could not push it away; but I looked over the top and saw General Adams and party outside on horses.

GIVEN UP.

The squaw's movements attracted their attention, and they came up close. I pushed the squaw aside and walked out to meet them. They asked my name and dismounted; said they had come to take us back if we cared to go. I showed them the tent where mother and Mrs. Price were stopping, and the General went down, but they were not in; for, meanwhile, Johnson had gone to where they were washing on Plateau Creek and told them that a council was to be held, and that they must not come up until it was over. Dinner was sent to the ladies and they were ordered to stay there. About four o'clock, when the council ended General Adams ordered them to be brought to him, which was done, and once more we were all together in the hands of our friends. General Adams started at once for White River to see the soldiers at the request of Douglass, and went to Chief Johnson's and stayed all night.

FREE ONCE MORE.

Next morning we left for Uncompahgre in charge of Captain Cline and Mr. Sherman. The Captain had served as scout in the Army of the Potomac, and Mr. Sherman as Chief Clerk at Los Pinos Agency. To these gentlemen we were indebted for a safe and rapid journey to Chief Ouray's house on the Uncompahgre River, near Los Pinos. We rode on ponies forty miles the three first days, and reached Captain Cline's wagon on a small tributary of the Grand. Here we took the buckboard wagon and travelled next day to the Gunnison River, and the next and last day of fear we travelled forty-five miles, and reached the house of good Chief Ouray about sundown.

IN CHIEF OURAY'S HOME.

Here Inspector Pollock and my brother Ralph met me, and I was happy enough. Chief Ouray and his noble wife did everything possible to make us comfortable. We found carpets on the floor and curtains on the windows, lamps on the tables and stoves in the rooms, with fires burning. We were given a whole house, and after supper we went to bed and slept without much fear, though mother was still haunted by the terrors she had passed through. Next morning we breakfasted with Mrs. Ouray, who shed tears over us as she bade us goodby. Then we took mail wagons and stages for home. Three days and one night of constant travel over two ranges of snowy mountains, where the road was eleven thousand feet above the sea, brought us to the beautiful park of San Luis.

ALAMOSA.

We crossed to Rio Grande at daylight for the last time, and a moment later the stage and its four horses dashed up a street, and we stopped before a hotel with green blinds, while the driver shouted "Alamosa." The moon was shining brightly, and Mount Blanco, the highest peak in Colorado, stood out grandly from the four great ranges which surround the park. Mother could hardly stand. She had to be lifted from the coach, but when she caught sight of the cars of the Rio Grande Railroad, and when she saw the telegraph poles, her eyes brightened and she exclaimed:—

"Now I feel safe."

THANKS TO OURAY.

In closing this letter I want to thank Chief Ouray, his wife and General Adams. To them we owe our escape.

JOSEPHINE MEEKER.

IN THE FIELD.

THE PEACE NEGOTIATIONS—A PRELIMINARY TRUCE OF TEN DAYS BETWEEN SOLDIERS AND UTES—TALK AND SMOKE TO FOLLOW—A COURIER'S ALARM.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD.]

RAWLINS, Wy. T., Oct. 29, 1879.

Now, as in the course of previous Indian troubles, rumors thicken as facts become more rare. The stories of Utes swarming around the Colorado settlements, which found currency in recent despatches from scared miners and frontier busybodies to Governor Pitkin, nearly all collapsed when pricked by sharp inquiry, and this has been the fate of sundry startling reports brought into Rawlins from the front by an imaginary lot of couriers. These latter gentry are still indefatigable. At two this morning James M. Drais ("Colorado Bill"), who arrived with despatches for the HERALD from your correspondent with General Merritt, brought a fresh account of hostiles in the rear of the General's command. Drais left Merritt's camp at seven o'clock on Monday evening. He says that he saw Indian signal fires on the divide on this side of Milk Creek and that he discovered a fresh Indian trail which he followed for a long distance on the northerly approach to Bear River.

A SKULKING FOE.

Yesterday afternoon, when he reached a point about seven miles north of Snake River, in a muddy bottom, he saw, he declares, three Indians creeping along the edge of the creek, through the sage brush, some three hundred yards from the road. The Indians, he says, attempted disguise and concealment by putting sage brush on their heads, and strove to get in his front and cut him off. Spurring his horse forward, he came upon a man named Taylor, who, prior to the Ute war, was a trader on Bear River. He informed Taylor of the proximity of the Indians, whereupon Taylor, who speaks the language of the Utes and understands their habits, waited until they put up a decoy in the form of a hat and blanket. Climbing to a point where he could obtain a view, Taylor then directed Drais to fire. The Indians fled at the first discharge, leaving their dummy. Drais, who then came on into Rawlins, says that Taylor staid to find out the direction taken by the Indians, with the intention of warning neighboring settlers.

AN UNPLEASANT SURPRISE.

Some color appears to be given the news that Ute marauders have stolen around into Merritt's rear by the experience of two soldiers belonging to Lieutenant Paul's company of the Third cavalry. They were out hunting yesterday afternoon. When about ten miles from their camp near Rawlins they came in sight of a herd of antelope. At the same instant they heard a shot fired. While attempting to find out whence it came, one of the soldiers found that his horse had been shot through the head. The animal staggered, fell and died. His rider returned to camp on foot, without discovering the person who fired the gun.

People in Rawlins who credit the theory that an Indian did it say, sarcastically, that the Utes, who are about to make peace, have sent out their most expert horse and cattle thieves to gather in what stock they can before the conclusion of the next treaty. For years the rule of the government has been to recognize all animals in possession of the Indians at their reservations as their own property, whether looted or not. Instances are cited of Utes riding into Rawlins and elsewhere on horses known to be stolen and identified by the owners, who could not enforce their claims.

CONGRATULATORY ORDERS.

Lieutenant Weir's remains are expected to arrive here to-morrow. They will be received with military honors. Orders from General Crook, congratulating the officers and men who took part in Thornburgh's fight, Payne's defence, Dodge's relief and Merritt's final advance and succor of the beleaguered camp, and paying tribute to Major Thornburgh's memory, were read to the troops here on parade this afternoon.

The paymaster will arrive next Monday, when the soldiers of the recent siege will have some money in their pockets.

The following is the despatch received by courier from the HERALD's correspondent at the front:—

HEADQUARTERS WHITE RIVER EXPEDITION, IN CAMP ON WHITE RIVER, Col., Oct. 24, 1879.

Colonel Charles Adams, Peace Commissioner, who came through General Merritt's lines on the night of the 23d, with Saranana, two other friendly chiefs and twenty-seven hostile Utes as an escort, will depart to-morrow for the Uncompahgre Agency, returning by way of the hostile camp under the same escort, and expecting to arrive at that agency in six days.

In consideration of the surrender of the ladies captured at the burning of the White River Agency, September 29, an armistice of ten days has been agreed upon by the belligerents, and during that time General Merritt's command will remain encamped on the north side of White River and inactive, the country between White and Grand being neutral ground. A big talk will be had between the chiefs and commissioners at the Uncompahgre Agency, at which conference Ouray (whom to disobey is death) will be present. The protocol agreed upon will finally be submitted to the authorities at Washington.

Colonel Adams says there is great lamentation in the hostile camp, and that upon his departure thence for Merritt's camp the squaws flocked about him in numbers, caressing him by stroking his shoulders and imploring him to send the troops away, saying, in their broken English, "Soldier come kill heap Indians?" "Indian killed!" "Good Indian gone!" "Soldier killed, heap more come!" "Soldier no good; he must go home!" and "Come no more!" and so on.

STRANGE NEGLECT OF THE MERIT OF CAPTAIN DODGE AND HIS MEN IN GENERAL ORDERS—ATTITUDE OF THE SHOSHONES AND THE SOUTHERN UTES.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD.]

WASHINGTON, Oct. 29, 1879.

In a private letter just received by an army officer in the War Department from Captain Payne the latter says:—

We had a hard fight, General, I assure you, and had great difficulty in getting our wagon train in a state for defence. When that was accomplished my only anxiety was for my couriers. When Captain Dodge came in with his brave colored fellows we learned that our couriers had gone through safely, and waited with patience for Merritt's coming. His name was on every lip, and we all knew he would waste no time by the wayside. * * *

A SLIGHT UPON BRAVE MEN.

Captain Payne's letter revives the fact that it is now nearly a month since Captain Dodge performed one of the most gallant acts in the history of the army, and old army officers are surprised that to date he has not been commended for his unparalleled deeds of valor in going to the rescue of Captain Payne's command. The junction of their forces, it is now known, made the Indians more cautious in their attacks on the intrenched position and inspired the command of Major Thornburgh with new hope. With the exception of General Pope there has been no allusion whatever to Captain Dodge's gallantry, a silence, it is said, which is inexplicable in view of the prompt manner in which other less meritorious deeds have been commended in general orders. The attention of Secretary McCrary will be called to these facts upon his return, when it is expected that amends will be made for the apparent slight.

OLD WASHAKIE SPEAKS.

Commissioner Hayt received the following telegram to-day:—

SHOSHONE AND BANNOCK AGENCY, Wy. T., Oct. 28, 1879.

To the COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, Washington, D. C.:—

In view of the many rumors afloat, to the effect that the Indians of this reservation are about to go on the warpath, Washakie speaks for the Shoshones and also for the Arapahoes, and desires me to inform the Great Father that all the Indians are friendly, peaceable and quietly attending to their affairs, and no one need apprehend any trouble from this quarter. PATTON, Agent.

THE SOUTHERN UTES.

Inspector Pollock telegraphs to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, from Los Pinos, October 26, via Del Norte, October 29, as follows:—

"Ouray says five lodges of the Muache band of Utes, who had been living on the Dry Cimarron, started, about thirty days ago, for the Southern Ute Agency, and were last seen near Laveto Station, on the Rio Grande Railroad. I fear they have been killed by the soldiers. If so the Southern Utes will seek revenge. I will start for the agencies at noon."

A STARVING BAND IN ARIZONA.

A telegram was received at the War Department this morning from General McDowell, stating that the Hualapai Indians in Northern Arizona were starving, and asking if they could not be fed by the War Department. There being no appropriation available for such a purpose at the War Department, the matter was referred to the Department of the Interior. This is the third despatch of a similar character received.

It is ascertained at the Interior Department that the subsistence of the Hualapai Indians, whom General McDowell reports to be starving, was provided for by the Indian Bureau several months ago by means of an official letter authorizing the War Department to issue rations of beef and flour to those Indians, and to present the accounts for payment by the Indian Bureau. The term for which this authorization was given will not expire until the 10th of December; but Commissioner Hayt yesterday extended the time for sixty days from that date. Before the expiration of this period Congress will have an opportunity to make an appropriation for the Hualapais. They are not "agency Indians" and no appropriation has ever been made for them specifically.